



Jones County

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"Popcorn Man" was a well-known figure in Monticello for many years

THE "POPCORN" MAN

Many of the oldtimers (and not so oldtimers) remember Noble Winner very well. Most of the stories I have heard from those who knew him are pretty much the same. "He was a brusque fellow, crabby, good natured, soft spoken, had a pair of lungs that could emit a bellow like a bay area fog horn, loved children, hated kids. All tale tellers, however, agreed upon one thing. "He had the best popcorn you could buy anywhere".

He perhaps had a number of enterprises, for I have learned he was proud and independent. One thing is for sure, he traveled for a number of years with various circuses, among them the famed Barnum and Bailey-Ringling Bros. He and his wife were one of the main attractions in the side show portion of the circus. Noble George Washington Winner was a midget as was his wife. Here, reprinted from a rare pamphlet, is his story. He charged 10 cents for the pamphlet.

MAJOR NOBLE GEORGE WASHINGTON WINNER

The Major's birthplace is LaMotte, Jackson county, Iowa, where he was born on the 12th day of July, 1869.

It is strange that the parents of Major N. G. W. Winner were far larger than the average. His father's weight was 200 pounds, and his mother's 190 pounds. All the other members of the family were ordinary in size and weight.

As a baby the Major caused no surprise among his family or neighbors, as he was not remarkably small, although his weight was below the average. He was only a five pound child and was certainly well-formed, healthy, and in fact, perfect in every way.

All progressed favorably until the 10th day of January, 1870, or about half a year from the time of his birth, when a party was formed for a sleigh ride. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Winner were members of the party, and the boy was well wrapped up in furs

and embraced in his mother's arms, and probably occupied the most comfortable resting place in the sleigh. The day passed off pleasantly and everybody returned to their homes well satisfied, but that ride proved to be an unfortunate one, as the day after, the baby took sick, and Dr. Biglow, a resident physician of Duncombe, Iowa was called to attend.

After a careful examination, the doctor discovered a small red spot on the back. A consultation followed and all the physicians agreed that the child was suffering from spinal meningitis and brain fever. No hope was expressed by any of the medical faculty, but by the tender care and acknowledged skill of the physicians called, he was restored to good health, but it was eight long years before he could walk alone.

At the age of nine years the Major was sufficiently strong to attend school and he manifested a strong desire to learn, in fact, he worked so hard in pursuance of his lessons that he suffered greatly from headache; so much that Dr. Biglow advised that he be not allowed to attend school regularly.

Though very small, the little fellow proved himself to be a man at the age of 17, for he declared that school was no longer an attraction for him. He expressed a desire to go into business, and his choice was a confectionery and tobacco store.

The business enterprise, though small (like himself), proved to be a success and was continued for some years, when a representative of the World's Greatest Shows -- Ringling Bros. -- visited his city, Monticello, Iowa. They heard of the little



MR. AND MRS. NOBEL WINNER in their home in Monticello. Major Winner was a well-known figure in Monticello for many years.

It's love at first sight when major finds lady of his choice

man, who was 20 years old, and offered him a large salary for his services as a Midget for the Museum. He traveled with them the seasons of '90, '91, '94, and '95. He also traveled with the John Robinson and Franklin Bros. Show, season of '96. Since then he has been exhibiting in large cities, in stores, and expects to make that his future business.

In the past five or six years, Mr. Winner had an ambition to become a family man. He was certainly deserving of a splendid young lady, as his character is spotless, his habits laudable and his disposition is sweet, and in the year of our Lord 1896, Feb. 3, he found the young lady of his choice and it was love at first sight.

The Major is a temperance man, and therefore is just as happy when touring the state of Maine as when in the great city of Chicago. He is an anti-tobacconist and possesses many other qualities of equal importance. He is also a member in good standing of that grand secret order, the Knights of Pythias, in which he has been a co-worker for seven years.

In stocking feet the Major measures 36 inches, his weight is but 42 lbs., age 39 years, and his health has been very good since he was eight years of age.

MRS. NOBLE GEORGE WASHINGTON WINNER

Mary Jane Gongaware was born in the little town of Lestonia, Columbiana county, Ohio, Feb. 3, 1878. Her parents were industrious people, the father weighing 185 pounds, the mother 150 pounds. The family consisted of four girls, Mary being the third, the other two girls attaining full size.

Mary was taken sick with rickets in childhood, and was unable to walk alone until nearly four years old. At the age of three years, her mother died and she was taken into the family of her uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Oberholtzer, at Mason, Mich. She remained quite close at home and nothing eventful occurred in her life until the celebrated wedding, Feb. 3, 1896, when she was married in the presence of a great crowd, to Major N. G. W. Winner.

Mrs. N. G. W. Winner measures 35 inches in her stocking feet, her weight being 40 pounds, age 30 years.

WEDDING OF THE WEE ONES

Swell Social Event at the Mason Theatre. Over 800 People Paid Their Respects to the Midget Bride and Groom -- Pretty Bit of Romance in Their Meeting.

Mason, Mich. Feb. 3 -- Nearly 800 people assembled at the Rayner opera house this evening to witness the marriage of the two midgets. The bride, Miss Mary J. Gongaware, of Mason was 18 years old today. The groom, Major N. G. W. Winner, of Monticello, Iowa, is 26 years of age, weighs 42 pounds and is 36 inches tall.

At eight o'clock the groom, accompanied



THE SMALLEST couple in the world, Major N. G. W. Winner and Mary J. Gongaware, were married at Mason, Mich. Feb. 3, 1896. The bride was 18. She weighed 40 lbs. and was 35 inches tall. The groom was 36 inches tall and weighed 42 lbs. A large crowd was on hand at the depot to accord them a reception to Monticello. (Photo donated by Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Null.)

by his best man, Master Clare Neely, marched down the center aisle to the wedding march rendered by the Misses Vandercook. Following came the diminutive bride, led by Master Dell Vandercook, and accompanied by her bridesmaids, Misses Florence Coy and Bessie Ball. Just before the entrance of the bridal party the aisle was carpeted with cream bunting and ribbons stretched on either side. Reaching the stage, they were met by the Rev. W. H. B. Urch, who performed the ring ceremony. After the ceremony the happy bride and groom were lifted by a stalwart man to a platform erected in front of the stage and received the congratulations of the large audience.

After the ceremony at the opera house the ladies of the Methodist church gave an excellent supper to the contracting parties and their immediate friends and relatives. The bride has been a member of the M. E. Sunday school, and took this means of benefiting the church, the receipts going to the Ladies Aid Society to help pay the church debt. Numerous presents were given. At 10 o'clock the little couple took the train for Chicago on their way to Monticello, Iowa.

For four years the Major has traveled with leading shows of the country. While in Jackson last summer, the lecturer gave out that the Major was looking for a wife, and asked if anyone knew of a lady who

would suit the Major, to come up and to him, so that his heart would be contented. A lady from Jackson gave him the address of Miss Gongaware, and he started a correspondence which led up to this evening's wedding.

The bride was born in Ohio, but lived near Mason since early childhood. She has a sister who is a large and well-developed lady. She was attired in a dress of light blue cashmere, trimmed in blue silk of the same color, and white lace, en train. The groom wore a Prince Albert Suit.

ON TRIP TO CANADA

How we happened to go over into Canada. We were working in the leading dry goods store at Mt. Clemens, Mich., when I received a letter from McDonald Bros. Clothiers, asking me my terms, etc. I answered their letter, telling them our terms. They accepted, so we made up our minds to go over there. So after we closed the engagement at Mt. Clemens, we had a few days to spare before we were to commence at Petrolia.

We went across at Port Huron to the little city of Strathroy, Ont., to engage a place to exhibit in a store. We made an engagement with Zavas and Heath, shoe store. Then we took the train in the afternoon to London, Ontario. We arrived there about 5:30 in the evening. We stopped at the City Hotel that night.

As we came out from supper, my wife went on to our room. I stopped and asked the landlord to write down the names of the leading clothing and dry goods stores in the city. He did so and then I asked him which one was the best advertiser on the list. He referred me to Grafton and Co. Clothing store as the leader in advertising.

He also said that the manager would soon be in to supper and he advised me to try and see him. I waited there a few minutes when the manager, Mr. Hickey, came out from his supper. Then the landlord gave me an introduction to him and also told him that I wanted to see him on a little business matter.

Then we went into a little room and I told him all about our scheme. He said that he would take us for the date I asked and would pay us our terms; also that he was going down to headquarters the next morning and he would tell Messrs. Grafton and Co. what he had engaged and that, if we proved all o.k. to the London store, he would try and arrange it so that we would go to the three other branch stores.

I drew up an agreement and he signed it with the understanding that, if we went to all of the other branches, we were to go for a little less. I went to our room and retired for the night, feeling pretty good with my day's success. When we arose the next morning we found that we had to wait until about 11:30 before we could get any train back to Petrolia, where we were to commence work Wednesday morning.

Market man tries to chase the Winners away

It happened to be market day in London, when the farmers and others bring in all kinds of meats and garden vegetables to market for the city people, they having a square to stop to sell their loads of stuff. It being something new for us and quite a night, I thought we would take a walk down on the market. Having a pet pug dog we took it with us and went into the market. We were walking along, taking in the sights, when we happened to get where there was a man trying to back a horse hitched to a wagon, and there being so many people following us along, who happened to be so near his wagon, the man began to call to them to get out of the way.

Just then there came up to us a man about six feet tall and weighing about 225 pounds. He said to us that he wanted us to take our pug dog and get off the market and out of the way. Just as much as to say that we did not have any business on the market. He looked pretty large to me, so I told my wife that we would walk off on the sidewalk. Then the people around us began to tell us not to let that man scare us away.

I asked some of them who he was, and they said he was the market clerk, but that he had no business to order us off the market when we were not doing anything. I made up my mind that we would not let him scare us away, so we went to the corner and started down along the walk, looking at the sights, when the market clerk came out again and said to us that here we were again, and that he wanted us to pass on away from there.

Then we stopped and I turned around toward him and asked him who he was, and I told him that we would pass on when we got good and ready, and that he could do the same. He said that if we did not pass on he would land us up in the police station.

I told him to land us where he wished and as soon as he liked. He saw that he could not scare us and said he would go and get the police to take us away. I told him, all right, that we would wait there until he went and got a police to take care of us.

The police told him that he could not do anything with us, for we were not doing any harm where we were. Then he asked the police to get our names. He told him that he could not do that, for he had no business to interfere with us, so the clerk came back to where we were and he asked me what our names were.

Well, by that time I was not feeling in a very good humor to answer him the way I would anyone else, so I called out to him, "Johnny, get your gun". Then the crowd of people standing around gave him the laugh in great shape. We then passed away up to the hotel and stayed there until about train time, when we left for Petrolia.

The city papers came out that evening in London and they gave the market clerk a pretty good roasting for using us in such a way. Then the city officials heard of it, so when they had their next meeting they

called the matter up and they all gave Mr. Market Clerk a pretty good roasting, and they told him if they ever heard of such a thing again they would put him out of his office, which he had had for several years.

City of Petrolia, Ontario. Population 4357, and quite a nice city for its size and great oil city of Canada. By looking out of the window of the room we occupied at the Poncksey Hotel, we could see about 20 or 25 oil wells with pumps working in all of them. The soil in and all around this city is very black and sticky.

On Wednesday morning we began to exhibit at MacDonald Bros. clothing and gents furnishing goods store, where we were to stay one week and a half. There are three brothers that own and run the large, fine store. We stopped while in the city at the Poncksey Hotel. I have said before it was not supposed to be the highest priced hotel in the city, but they were known to set the best table. We had a very pleasant room while we were there, so if any one who reads this ever goes that way you will know where you can stop.

Town of Strathroy, Ontario. Population 3316, where we began to fill an engagement for one week with the firm of Zavas and Co., a branch shoe store. We were pretty glad when we were through with this firm, for several reasons.

It began to get pretty cold by this time and the firm only had one little stove up and that was out in the shoe shop, so that there was not very much heat came into the store room where we were sitting on exhibition. It was so cold that my wife had to wear her jacket all the time.

We closed the engagement Saturday night about nine o'clock, and when I came to settle up with the firm they did not settle just as I wished. We stopped at the Queen Hotel while we were there. It is supposed to be the best hotel in the city. We found it first class in every way.

City of London, Ontario, population 31,917, where we arrived Sunday forenoon. The manager, Mr. Hickey, had engaged a boarding place for us, so when we arrived in the city we took a cab and I asked him to take us to a certain numbered house.

When we arrived there, I went in and knocked at the door and a young lady came. I asked her if Mr. Hickey had engaged a boarding place there for us. She said her mother was upstairs and that she would call her. The lady came and I asked her about it. She said there must be some misunderstanding, for she said Mr. Hickey was to let her know when we were to come, and she never heard anything from him, so she rented her room to someone else.

We went out and asked the cabman if he knew of any other place where they kept boarders, near to the store, as near as that was or nearer. He said that he did. I told him to take us there, where I made arrangements, and we found it just like home.

Monday morning we commenced our engagement with Mr. Hickey, where we were to exhibit one week. We worked along as usual until Friday morning, when I asked Mr. Hickey if he had heard from Messrs. Grafton and Co., if they wished to have us go any further, so he said that he would go and telephone to Messrs. Grafton and Co., and tell them all about us.

He did so and Mr. Grafton said to send us to Hamilton, Ontario, and that he would let us know while we were there where he wanted us to go from there. We closed the engagement Saturday night with Mr. Hickey, and he settled all up with me in first class shape. We found Mr. Hickey and all of his clerks perfect ladies and gentlemen.

This is the city where we had such a time with the market clerk when we were there to engage the store. So while we were filling our engagement, Mr. Hickey had us go down on the market to see if Mr. Market Clerk would have anything to say about us being on the market, but Mr. Market Clerk never showed up either time to say anything. We walked around, but we failed to find him.

City of Hamilton, Ontario, population 48,980. We arrived in the city Monday forenoon, going to Messrs. Grafton & Co. clothing store. I asked Mr. Barry, the manager, if he had engaged any boarding place for us, and found that he had not, but he referred us to the Dominion Hotel, just a little over one block from the store.

We went around there, and making satisfactory rates, the bell boy showed my wife up to a room. I then went back over to the store to see Mr. Barry on business, he understanding that we were to be placed on exhibition in the window instead of in the rear of the store where we always sit. He said that was where he and Mr. Grafton understood we were to sit.

I told him we did not work in that way. I went back to the hotel and in the evening Mr. Barry came over to see if I would not consent to exhibit in the window and that he would give me a little more money. Finding that I would not give my consent, he said that he supposed they would have to work us back in the store because they had agreed to, whether it proved good or bad.

I was not satisfied with what he said, and so I decided to take the street car Tuesday morning and go over to Dundas, the headquarters of Messrs. Grafton and Co., clothing manufacturers, to see Mr. Grafton and find out how he understood we were to work. He understood we were to exhibit back in the store and not in the window.

Having a large show window in their Hamilton store, he wanted to have it all dressed up in small furniture and occasionally we were to go in the window and walk around so people would begin talking about us and the display. He said the

Unruly children spoil visit to Canadian city

weather was too cold to expect us to sit there all the time. I told him that was O.K. and asked him to telephone Mr. Barry to that effect.

We began to fill our engagement Wednesday morning, the day before Thanksgiving. Wednesday afternoon when the city schools were dismissed, so many children began to come that we went into the window so as to give them a chance to see us. We had been in the window only a few seconds when the people crowded against the plate glass window so hard we were afraid they would break it.

Thursday being Thanksgiving, we did not work, but they left the window curtain up so that people could see the display. About five o'clock in the afternoon some drunkard came along and fell into one of the large windows, breaking it all to pieces. We filled the engagement there and enjoyed it very much.

The Dominion Hotel proved to be a home like place for us, and we were treated as though we belonged to the family. This city proved to be the worst town in Canada that we took in on account of the children being so unruly. I always carried a rawhide whip to keep them from running over us when we went from the store to the hotel.

All sizes would follow us, and some of them just tried to see how much noise they could make and said almost anything to us. We did not notice any of that but considered the sources.

One evening on our way to the hotel, my wife being a little ahead of me with one of the gentlemen who worked for the firm, I was walking leisurely along, when I suddenly felt snow balls hitting me on the head and back. I walked along a short distance not noticing or saying a word to anyone, when all at once I stopped and told a lot of boys in the street they had better quit that work.

Going a little further, a small boy in front of me said that those snow balls did not come from those kids out on the side, but from a big fellow just back of me. I looked around and he did not happen to have any snow in his hands, so I passed on a little further and looked again.

I caught the young fellow just making a snow ball, and without saying a word I gave him a cut around the bare neck. He did not like it very well, you can guess, and stepped up to me and said that if I were not so small, he would kick my so and so. I told him to go ahead with it, if he wished, and see who would get the worst of it before we got through.

I told him that if a young man like him did not know any more than to snow ball a little man that was walking along and minding his own business, I would teach him something. At that I started on to the hotel and the crowd that had gathered kept the young man back, so I do not know what became of him. We closed Saturday night, having exhibited ten days. The manager

settled up in fill with me just as he had agreed.

City of Owen Sound, Ontario. Population 7497.

We arrived Monday evening after riding on the train all day coming from Hamilton, Ont., where the snow began falling Sunday afternoon and continued to fall until it was 28 inches deep on the level, and as heavy and wet as snow could be.

When we arose the next morning and went down to breakfast the hotel people told us there was no use of us trying to get away that day for everything was blocked. We went in to breakfast and while eating I heard trains whistling, so one of the bell boys went over to the livery barn and ordered a rig to take us to the depot.

The streets were all blockaded with snow and broken telephone and telegraph poles, some of which were broken in three places. We managed to get there just in time to catch the train. After the train got started, it took about one hour to get outside of the corporation.

We arrived at Owen Sound about 5 o'clock that evening. We found that Mr. Linzy had sent a gentleman down to meet us and tell us at what hotel to stop. We got into a hack that took us to the Paterson Hotel. I did not intend to go to the store that evening, because we had been on the train all day and had had nothing hot to eat and were very tired.

Mr. Linzy sent word that he should like to have us come to the store for a few minutes, as there were so many people waiting there to see us. We went up for a few minutes.

While we were in the City we stopped at the Paterson Hotel. It is supposed to be the highest class hotel in the city. Well, it is a nice building, but in our opinion the people who run it are cranks.

We do not like to make hotel people any trouble and frequently call for eggs in preference to the tough beefsteak one is apt to get at hotels. I asked for eggs the first morning for breakfast, and as they were not on the bill of fare, the waiter said she thought they had none but would see. She went into the kitchen and came back with the balance of the order and said they had no eggs.

I said, "All right", thinking I would get some eggs the next meal. The next meal came and I got no eggs. I then asked the landlady if I could get eggs to eat. She made the excuse that eggs were pretty scarce at that time of the year, but that she would try and give me eggs once a day. She said she could not give them to me for supper, for if she did, the other boarders would want them. So as the days passed by I got eggs for breakfast.

One afternoon about 4 o'clock I made up my mind that I would have eggs for my supper at the Paterson Hotel or I would go somewhere else for my supper. At supper time I called for eggs and the waiter said

"No eggs". I told her I wanted eggs or I did not want any supper there. She went in to the kitchen and the landlady said, "Let him go somewhere else for his supper."

So we left the hotel and went to the City Restaurant for our supper, where I got all the eggs I wanted. We were to be in the city only a few days after that, so we decided that we could stand it if we did not get eggs to eat. We have stopped at a good many private boarding houses and hotels, but the proprietors of this hotel were the biggest cranks I ever saw. If any reader ever goes to this city, he better stop elsewhere.

We finished the balance of our engagement at the store of Grafton and Co., clothing, and enjoyed it very much. We found Mr. Linzy, the manager, and all the clerks perfect gentlemen in every way.

City of Peterborough, Ontario. Population 9717. We arrived in this city about 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, coming from Owen Sound. We had to come by the way of Toronto, where he had to wait about three hours between trains. While waiting, I thought we might as well try and see if we could arrange with some merchant to exhibit at his store.

We called on several, among them being E. Boisson, proprietor of one of the finest clothing stores in Toronto. I told him all about ourselves and our business. He decided to engage us for a later date of one week. I drew up an agreement and he signed it. We left him, going to the hotel to wait until train time.

When we arrived at the depot we were met by a man who informed us that E. Boisson had cancelled our contract. About two weeks afterward, we happened to go through Toronto and I went up to see Mr. Boisson to learn the reason he cancelled our contract so soon. He made all kinds of excuses.

I told him he was a dandy, and I would have to charge him some damages. He asked me how much I wanted and I told him about ten dollars. He told his bookkeeper to give me the money, and I signed a receipt for the amount and bid him good day.

We boarded and roomed at the White Hotel in Peterborough while filling the engagement at Grafton and Co.'s clothing store, of which Mr. Conaway was manager. We found him and all his clerks like all employed in the other stores of Grafton and Co., perfect ladies and gentlemen to us and all of their customers. This being the fourth and last place we worked for this firm, we jumped to Guelph, Ontario, to engage a place to work in a few weeks. We were successful in the second store we visited.

We made arrangements with E. R. Bollert and Co., then we went to Berlin, Ontario, where we engaged a place for one week and a half with S. Santer, Clothing and dry goods store, commencing on Thursday morning. This is quite a long

Early settlers sought road from Anamosa to Garnavillo in Clayton county, Iowa

As early as 1849, the people of Jones, Delaware and Clayton counties were appealing to the governing body of the infant State of Iowa for a road from Anamosa, Jones county, Iowa, to Garnavillo, Clayton county, Iowa. Traffic between these two points was extremely heavy, and it was further fed from between these points by those moving west and south, after leaving all settlements along the Mississippi from Garnavillo to Tetes de Mortes, south of Dubuque, and other settlements inland as far west as Decorah and Manchester.

Finally yielding to petitions and pleas, the State body of government ordered the Secretary of State, The Honorable Geo. W. McCleary, to instruct the county commissioners from each of the aforementioned counties to begin the survey, followed by whatever work needed to be done to assure that a visible road would be a reality. This is 1851.

Early Jones county history makes slight mention of this road, and the editor of the "Jones County Historical Review", being somewhat of a buff of this county's history, had researched it about as far as was possible, only to determine that like the Midland railroad it must not have gotten past the dream stage.

LO AND BEHOLD!! On June 11, 1977, I

Noble Winner story concluded

store room and very dark and dreary, so that we were very glad when the engagement was finished.

City of Guelph, Ontario. Population 43,973. We arrived here Monday morning from Berlin. A hack took us up to the Commercial Hotel, where we engaged board during our stay in the city. This is a good hotel and quite a stopping place for farmers. We stayed one week and a half at E. R. Bollert and Co., dry goods and clothing store. This happened to be a very stormy time of the season, rain and snow and lots of wind, while we were there. We decided not to exhibit any more in Canada after we had finished this engagement. We did quite well in Canada, but we did not like the ways of lots of the people. Some of them are about 10 to 15 years behind the times.

Ed. Note: This ended the little booklet I had the opportunity to read. Whether there were more pages I couldn't ascertain, but if someone in the reading audience had a copy of this booklet, and there are more pages we would be happy to finish out the Major's story.

Hundreds of these little booklets were

received from Mrs. Robert L. Tibbetts, 1225 Evergreen Ave., Beloit, Wis., a letter stating:

"Dear Mr. Norlin:

I am sending you one copy and the original of the road survey, for the road to be constructed from Anamosa, Jones county, Iowa, to Garnavillo, Clayton county, Iowa, that portion surveyed and constructed within Jones county."

This letter also contained a copy of the family tree of Mrs. Tibbetts, starting with her mother, Frances Hogg Brown. The road survey document was given Mrs. Tibbetts by her uncle Thomas Jackson Hogg, son of Charles Jackson Hogg, of Melrose, Wis. Mrs. Tibbetts consigns this document to the people of Jones county, to be kept in the Historical Society museum.

This is without a doubt the oldest document pertaining to Jones county history that will be found in the museum to date. We are extremely grateful to Mrs. Tibbetts for her generous gift of a family heirloom, and her thoughtfulness of the people of Jones county.

The original document will be placed under a protective glass cover, as it consists of eight pages still tied up with the original ribbon, and bearing the Seal of the State of Iowa, dated Jan. 24, 1863. A copy of this document will be for public viewing.

sold at 10 cents each. It was one of the many ways the "Little Man" had of supporting himself and his wife.

In later years, they built a house at 208 West Grand Street in Monticello. Everything was built to scale for three-foot tall people. Stair treads and risers were built at 4 and 6 inches instead of the regular 8 and 10 inches. Window sills, fireplace mantle, and door knobs, all built for easy reach of these people. The house still stands, and while some remodeling has been done there is still much evidence the house was built for "Little People".

Major Noble George Washington Winner and his wife Mary were familiar figures in Monticello and the surrounding area for many years. Finally they pulled up stakes and moved west -- Denver I understand, and it was here that Mary Winner, the Major's loyal wife and companion answered the final curtain call. The loneliness and heartache were too much for the little Major, and he brought it all to an end one day by drowning himself in a bathtub of water.

We will give here a brief synopsis of what the document contains. The entire document is in ink and in longhand.

The front page is entitled: "COPY, Of that part of a State Road from Anamosa to Garnavillo which pertains to Jones County." The second page is "REPORT OF COMMISSIONERS. To the Hon. Geo. W. McCleary, Secretary of State, Iowa City, Iowa."

"The undersigned Commissioners appointed to locate and survey a State Road from Anamosa to Jones County by T. J. Peaks in Jones County, through Delhi in Delaware County, to Garnavillo in Clayton County would respectfully report that they have attended to that duty, and find the route a practicable and generally a very good one for a road. The following is a true account of the expenditures on said road: to wit.

"Robert Hogg, viewer, 18 days at \$2.00 per day	\$36.00
George Brown, viewer, 18 days at \$2.00 per day	\$36.00
Saml P. Baxton, surveyer, 18 days at \$3.00 per day	\$54.00
Saml P. Baxton, for platting	\$12.00."

Many other names are mentioned, some laborers with and some without teams of horses. These men were paid from \$1.25 per day to \$2.50 per day. Some of these names are Wesley Colenback, Thomas Blanchard, Saml Lawrence, Moses Mellory, James Scott, Henry Wagner, Wm. Wagner, Alexander Beardsley, Robert Hogg and Thos. Belknap.

The document goes on to say the "whole length of the road is 66 miles, 68.50 chains, of which there is in Jones County, 14 miles and 5.77 chains. In Delaware County, 25 miles, 64.86 chains, in Clayton County, 26 miles and 22.87 chains."

Attesting that the survey of the road was commenced July 9th, 1851 were George C. Brown and Robt. Hogg, Commissioners.

There are many field notes contained in the document, and we give here but a few. "Commencing at the intersection of the Military Road from Dubuque to Iowa City with the line between sections 2 & 3 in Township 84 N, R 4 W, running thence as follows: course north 14 chains to station 2 W.O. N. bearing 686.60, then N. 18 (degrees?) 47 chains to station 3 bearing to post in the mound."

This continues from one mound to another to a Bur Oak tree to another mound, to more posts, to a black walnut tree and finally to Beardsley creek, this at about 12¼ miles north of Anamosa.

Finally they reach station 35, located N. 73 W. on the line between Jones and Delaware county. This terminating point



THE HOGG STORE near Buck Creek once stood on the Jones-Delaware terminus of a proposed road to Garnavillo. The building has been torn down. (Photo donated by Dorothy Flannagan.)

Ends at Hogg store

will be remembered by only the old timers of today as the location of the Hogg store, located right on the Jones-Delaware county line about a mile north of the Castle Grove Catholic church, where the north running road has a slight dog leg curve, where it meets the Delaware county line.

The final two pages of this historic document are the plat of this early Jones county road, showing its beginning in Anamosa, and each succeeding station with miles tabulated. It was a remarkable piece of work for that day, and while it traversed mostly unsettled prairie, was a pretty direct route from Anamosa to the Delaware county line.

As mentioned earlier, while the original will not be available for public handling and review, a copy will be kept at the museum for those wishing to view it.

Again our thanks to Mrs. Robert Tib-

betts, a descendant of the Robert Hogg, whose signature is affixed to this document.

The Trail Grows Dim

READERS CAN YOU HELP?
The Trail Grows Dim

March 6, 1978

I am trying to locate a book whose title I do not know, but it was written by my great Uncle, LOYAL FARMER SCOTT.

He had written the book about the Scott family Brothers, who were wagonmasters and had led at least five wagon trains to the west. In 1861 or 1864 they made the final trip and three of the brothers settled in Yuba county, California.

Napoleon and Loyal returned to Jones county, Iowa and were supposed to have resettled there, living there until they died.

Loyal wrote a book recounting their adventures and we would like to locate it.

Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you
Grenice Disher
501 Hartnell Place
Sacramento, Calif. 95825

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What I remember about Johnson-- settlement exists only in memory

The reader might recall an earlier issue of the "Jones County Historical Review" in which was listed a number of the now forgotten or "ghost towns" of Jones county. Among them was "Johnson" and "Johnson Town." Actually these were one and the same; however, for legal purposes the village was formally registered by the United States post office as Johnson. It was more popularly known by area residents as "Johnson Town". It was

located at the intersection of sections 23, 24, 25 and 26, Scotch Grove township. A very busy village in its day, its post office was in existence from 1853 until 1880.

The following story on "What I remember about Johnson Town" was submitted by EMMA (BROKENS) SANFORD.

"Johnson Town was the place where my grandparents lived as I remember it, and where as a child I grew up. My parents

lived about a mile and one-half from town on what we called the old Charley Overly farm. The farm, which they purchased in 1900, was 160 acres, and it was here that I was born in 1901.

"Mr. and Mrs. John B. Brokens, sr., and Maggie lived on an acreage known as the 12 mile house, and old post office. This was the southwest corner of Johnson town Corners.

"I well remember the large metal sign



This picture was taken at the Golden Wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Brokens, Sr., Nov. 8, 1914.

John B. Brokens, Sr. left Germany known as Johann Brorken Brorkens. In adopting the English language the name was changed to John Broken Brokens, dropping the a and one n, from Johann and the one r from Brorken.

John B. Brokens, Sr. was born Oct. 16, 1839 and died May 9, 1930. His wife, born Talke Maria Finkenstaedt, was born in Hespel, East Friesland Germany on March 22, 1842 and died March 21, 1923.

They were married Nov. 8, 1863 in Germany and started for the United States July 26, 1885. They landed Aug. 10, 1885 proceeding immediately to Scotch Grove township. Of their children, (two whom were born and died in Germany) all are remembered today. They include: Mrs. August (Kate) Jacobs, John B. Brokens, Jr., Mrs. Tobe (Minnie) Hinricks, later Mrs. Gerd Null), Mrs. A. L. (Joe) Berlin, Mrs. E. J. (Mary) Zeadow, and Margaret Brokens.

Those in the wedding picture, seated, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brokens, Sr. Others, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Behrends, Sr., Mrs. John Julfs, Mrs. John Brokens, Mr. John Julfs, Mrs. Tobias Reiken, Mrs. Pete Paulson, August Brokens, Charles Jacobs, Mrs. John Brokens, Jr., Mr. John Brokens, Jr., Mrs. Lem Berlin, Maggie Brokens, Mrs. Antje Kuper, Mrs. Earnest Zeadow, Mrs. August Jacobs, Mrs. Henry Schrader, Mrs. Tobia Reiken, Pearl Zeadow, Mary Reiken, Henry Harms, Fred Brokens, Wm. Brokens, Mr. Paul Paulsen, Pete Paulson, Lena Casson, Emma (Brokens) Sanford, Geret Behrends, Grace Behrends, Hanna and Bill Hinricks, Louise Brokens Keister, John Jacobs, Gerd Julfs, August Jacobs, Nanne Hanken, Mary Julfs, Tena Klein, Sophia Jacobs, and Henry Jacobs.

Johnson town

on which was printed "Post Office", for it hung above the door seldom used by my grandparents, which entered into what they called the parlor. The house was large for on the first floor was a bedroom, living room, a long hall and a large kitchen along with a pantry and cellar. Several rooms were upstairs.

"Sister Louisa and I stayed many times with Aunt Margret while Grandpa would go to visit their daughter in Sandborn or LeMars, Iowa. Other relatives were visited there, the journey being made by train.

"Those were horse and buggy days. Either that or walk, which we did a lot of. My grandparents kept a horse, cows, chickens and pigs, and when extra help was needed to plow corn or put up hay, dad would go and help out.

Neighbors to the west were Mrs. Cauckels, an elderly lady also living on an acreage, and a Mr. Townsend with his granddaughter Lois (who later married George Zeadow).

"Andrew Townsend was a race horse man, and used to run his horses on a small track back of the homes. Another old home to the west of them was called 'The old headache' house and here lived another elderly lady. I never knew her, and can only remember the old house.

"Across the road to the north was a large old pine and next to it was a blacksmith shop and as I remember a Mr. Headache ran it. Mr. Townsend was there also.

"To the east of the corners was a mill and cheese factory, run by Henry Null, and it was to this place my parents hauled their whole milk in big cans loaded on the milk buggy or cracky wagon as we called it. The milk was dumped into large churns or vats to make cheese or butter. There was also an ice house, filled with ice and sawdust in the summer. Sometimes we would get ice to make homemade ice cream.

"Across the road on the northeast corner is where the Charley Vandrham family lived.

"In 1915 the Trinity Lutheran church was built on the northwest corner. This was a branch of the St. John's Lutheran church at Sand Hill. Lightning struck the first church building and it burned to the ground. Another was built to take its place, but after a few years when people began using more cars there were not enough people to keep it going so it was closed in 1934 or 35. The property was sold to the Paulsen family.

"There is nothing left now of Johnson Town -- nothing that is except memories."

Emma (Brokens) Sanford



President's message:

Dear Reader:

The last issue (No. 4 of Vol. 3) may have been the last issue in your current subscription (year 1977). However, because we know you do not want to miss any issues, we are sending you this issue (No. 1 of Vol. 4), and request that you look on the front page at the subscription expired box.

If this box is checked, it means your subscription has expired, and NO MORE issues will be sent until the subscription is renewed. While we would like to send everyone this little "Historical Review", it is financially impossible.

The entire venture is non-profit, and while the Monticello Express, who does our layout and printing, gives us a heaping measure for a dollar spent, we must rely upon paid subscriptions to continue the work.

THE NEXT ISSUE WILL BE OUT WITHIN A MONTH FROM NOW, SO IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED, DON'T PUT OFF RENEWING. We only have printed enough copies to supply our subscribers, with very few additional.

The next issue gets deep into early Jones county history, and we will begin serializing a family history of Major S. S.

Farwell. This history begins in New Hampshire in 1751, and ends with the close of the Civil War.

It was originally put into book form (only five copies) about 1900. Four of these copies have been lost, and the remaining copy is in possession of a man in San Angelo, Texas. I have never met the man, but he sent me this one remaining copy, which, at my own expense, I had reprinted (one copy), and will share with the readers of the "Historical Review".

It has been acclaimed by people within Jones county and outside of Jones county as a book every bit as exciting as Laura Ingalls Wilder's "Little House on the Prairie". A book of 333 pages, over half of it is Major Farwell's Civil War battlefield notes.

The Major's house was located at 301 North Chestnut St., Monticello, and is the house my wife and I are now restoring and hoping to have placed on the National Historical Register.

Plan to get your order in early for the reprint of HISTORY OF JONES COUNTY IOWA, 1879". Save yourself \$5 by ordering before Sept. 1, 1978. See ad on separate page.

C. L. Norlin, Pres.

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